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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor

JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors

RICHARD HORCHLER

DANIEL CALLAHAN

Drama Critic: RICHARD GILMAN; *Movie Critic:*
PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT;
Rome: GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:*
MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

—week by week—

RESUMING ATMOSPHERIC TESTS

ONE OF THE inescapable realities of the Cold War is that it has thrust upon the West a wholly new and historically unique set of moral dilemmas. The first dilemma was the morality of nuclear warfare itself. That dilemma is as much with us as ever. The second great dilemma has been the morality of nuclear testing, a dilemma which has suddenly become acute because of the present series of Soviet tests.

When this second dilemma first became obvious—during the mid to late '50's—the United States appeared to have three choices. It could have unilaterally abandoned further testing on the grounds of the radiation hazard to future generations. It could have continued testing to the full on the grounds that the radiation danger was far less than the danger of Communist world domination. Or it could have chosen to find—by negotiation—some way of stopping the tests without loss to national security. This third choice was in fact made.

With the resumption of Soviet testing and their intransigence at the Geneva talks, however, the hope that this third choice would prove viable has been shaken. Once again, the United States must choose. And once again, the choices are much the same. Only this time around the conditions are different and the choice is far harder.

The first choice, abandoning tests entirely, would not only be unpopular domestically, but would surely be exploited by the Russians. The second choice, full testing, has become even more risky just because the current Soviet tests have already dangerously contaminated the atmosphere. The third choice, negotiation, presupposes, as Russian behavior demonstrates, a great deal of wishful thinking to make it appear reasonable.

We take the position, however, that the third choice still remains the only sane one open to us.

It is by no stretch of the imagination a happy choice and the arguments against it as a practical strategy are formidable. Its primary advantage is that it is a moral choice; one which, should it fail, will not have contaminated the conscience. That is the contamination we most fear.

LEAVING ASIDE the choice of unilateral cessation of tests as neither sane nor clearly moral, the question must arise as to why resumption of atmospheric tests on our part would not be a good choice. For that is the one an increasingly large number of prominent Americans are now proposing. In particular, Governor Nelson Rockefeller has expressed as cogently and clearly as anyone the case for a resumption of atmospheric tests.

Speaking recently in Miami, Governor Rockefeller said that "to assure the sufficiency of our own weapons in the face of the recent Soviet tests, we are now clearly compelled to conduct our own nuclear tests." Taking account of the fact that such a move on our part would be unpopular in world opinion, he argued that the responsibility of the United States is "to do, confidently and firmly, not what is popular, but what is right."

What was missing in the Governor's argument, as in so many similar arguments, was a premise which would enable one to make the ethical leap from what might be militarily desirable to what is right. The possibility, as he asserted, that the Russians may get ahead of us or come closer to us because of their tests does not supply the needed ethical premise—unless, of course, we have unwittingly become so brutalized that nuclear superiority is now taken as a moral demand.

Besides the lack of an adequate ethical dimension to the Governor's case, one can ask seriously whether our lead over the Russians in quality and

quantity of nuclear weapons is so slight as to make the tests absolutely necessary. Recent statements by the President and Defense Department spokesmen have, to the contrary, assured us that our lead is very great. Unless the Administration and the Defense Department have been deceiving us, the facts do not support the assertion that we are "compelled" to resume atmospheric testing.

It is perfectly conceivable that a resumption of atmospheric tests may, at some point in the future, be necessary and even justifiable. But a resumption does not seem justifiable now. What we need to realize is that the increasingly great contamination of the atmosphere by the Soviet tests has radically increased our own moral obligations. We now have to think not only of our national security but also of the future generations who will suffer from any tests we might undertake. This is an ethical demand which cannot be evaded or glossed over by talking exclusively of weapon superiority or even of the evil of Communism.

Too often in the past Russian tactics have been used to justify like tactics on our part. There ought to be a point beyond which we will not allow ourselves to go regardless of what Russia does. The refusal to resume atmospheric testing would be a good start.

ECUMENICAL HOPES

WHEN HIS Holiness Pope John XXIII first called for an Ecumenical Council, and at the same time voiced his yearning for Christian unity, the enthusiasm among Catholic and Protestant ecumenicists was immediate. With good reason it appeared that a new day was upon divided Christendom. But as the more concrete plans for the work of the Council gradually became known, there was a rather sharp and abrupt disappointment on all sides. The Council we now know will concern itself directly only with the internal affairs of the Church.

As it has turned out, however, the excessive enthusiasm in the first instance and the loss of hope in the second were both wrong responses. Two things have happened in recent months to bring the Council into perspective: each provides a basis for renewed hope and joy.

First of all, it is now known that Pope John sees the renewal and purification of the Church as an absolutely necessary step toward Christian unity. Far from being irrelevant to the ecumenical task, the Pontiff believes that a revived Church

is required in order that the whole world may see Catholicism in the best possible light. Equally significant, Pope John has said that Catholics themselves bear some responsibility for Christian disunity. A major aim of the Council will be to remove as far as possible whatever in the Church today stands in the way of unity.

Secondly, a whole series of addresses and actions by the Pope and by others show that concern for Christian unity is still very much alive and growing within the Church. The establishment, by the Holy Father, of a permanent Secretariat for Christian Unity in 1960 was the most dramatic mark of this concern. The designation of five Catholic theologians to attend the World Council of Churches assembly in New Delhi as "official" observers reverses the Church's earlier stand. The public appeal by the new Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Cicognani, for renewed efforts toward Eastern and Western reunion was still another remarkable act. Nor can one forget Pope John's unprecedented meeting with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Augustin Cardinal Bea, the director of the Secretariate for Christian Unity, has expressed as directly as anyone the new spirit that pervades the Church's stance toward the Protestant and Orthodox Churches. Noting all the difficulties that stand in the way of reunion, he has said that they ought not to discourage anyone. For discouragement, or the temptation to abandon our efforts, "would show that one placed excessive trust in purely human means without thinking of the omnipotence of God, the irresistible efficacy of prayer, the action of Christ or the power of the Divine Spirit." Can any Christian fail to respond to these words?

THE BUDGET DEFICIT

THE ADMINISTRATION'S official budget review, which estimates a 6.9 billion dollar deficit for the current fiscal year, isn't making anyone happy. Certainly it isn't making the President happy, and he has been doing his apologetic best to explain how the budget got into its unbalanced condition, how he intends to economize wherever he can and how he hopes to do better next year.

We sympathize with Mr. Kennedy, but we feel bound to say that his budget review doesn't please us either, although for very different reasons. Furthermore, we find his defense of the unbalanced budget more dismaying than reassuring.

In the first place, a large part of the discrepancy between President Eisenhower's estimate of a 1.5

billion dollar surplus for the same period and the new estimate of an almost seven billion dollar deficit is the result of the outgoing President's farewell gift of a political booby-trap to his successor. The Eisenhower budget was simultaneously inadequate in its provisions and yet extravagant in its projections of revenue to be received.

The rest of the deficit is also easily understood. Four billion dollars of the spending increase is for defense, an expenditure necessitated by the penny-wise policies of the Eisenhower Administration, quite apart from the recent crises in Berlin and elsewhere. Four hundred million dollars of the increase is for the expanded space program, a responsibility similarly neglected by Mr. Eisenhower. The farm program will cost an additional 1.5 billion, because of unusual weather factors, the Food for Peace program and other new measures. Anti-recession programs—aid for the unemployed, their children and for depressed areas—account for only 900 million of the 6.9 billion dollar deficit.

Our complaint is that in many crucial areas the Kennedy programs are not too large but too small, most seriously in regard to the conventional arms build-up and in aid and welfare measures. And yet Mr. Kennedy persists in trying to mollify the intransigents of the right with apologies and promises of "tightening up" and "economizing." We wish the President would remember that "fiscal responsibility" was the battle-cry of the party that lost the election. The party that won used to say something about a New Frontier.

ETHICS AND PEACE

INTRODUCTION of the "dialogue" principle proved strikingly effective at the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace in Washington the last weekend in October. Two of the principal addresses were delivered by prominent Protestants, and when the speaker was a Catholic, one "discussant" on the dais tended to be of another religious persuasion.

Several effects were immediately evident. Sessions devoted to "Ethics and Foreign Policy Trends," "Moral Principle and Political Judgment," "Christian Ethics in the Cold War" and related subjects proved to be much livelier under this procedure than if Catholics were merely talking to themselves. Usually questions from the floor were directed to the non-Catholic speaker or discussion leader.

In the earlier sessions there was plentiful discussion on the natural law, which Dr. William V.

O'Brien of Georgetown University, advanced as the basis for widely acceptable ethical judgments on foreign policy. That Aristotelean-Thomistic principle experienced a thorough going-over from a number of the participants, but in the end the concept came to reassert itself. Speakers declared that Protestants often make use of it, if, perhaps, by some other name. A Lebanese Moslem told about its existence and application in the Islamic tradition as the "divine law," while a C.A.I.P. member who has been working in close association with delegates of the new U.N. nations told of its widespread recognition on the African continent. The impression was unmistakable that, whatever one may choose to call it, natural law is a functioning generality with a certain objective existence.

Another question that arose was the nature of the dialogue itself. The stimulus from the confrontation of philosophical systems involving certain differences was undeniable. It was expected that the comparison of different approaches to ethics would produce a better grasp of each other's positions and better comprehension of one's own. But a realization that each group has much of substance to learn from the other also developed, and a strong conviction grew that each had insights and dimensions to contribute to ethically acceptable solutions of urgent political issues.

One effect of the spirited give-and-take of these discussions was to focus attention on practical applications and the necessity of being armed with the facts: knowledge of the destructive force of even the tiniest "tactical" atomic weapon would have a bearing on judgments as to the advisability of its use—to defend Berlin, for example; the pervasive influence of ideology on our political judgments needs to be recognized and taken into due account; it is necessary to perceive the extent of foreign aid demanded by the Christian imperative.

This C.A.I.P. conference at a moment of such grave American and worldwide concern provided much food for national and confessional self-examination. It would be hard to take issue with the sentiment expressed there by Dr. John J. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary that Communism is "a judgment upon the sins and failures of the middle class world, upon the Christian world . . . upon the churches which for so long were unconcerned. . . ." Appropriately enough, the C.A.I.P. meeting on "Ethics and Foreign Policy" made it unmistakably clear that probing thought and great sacrifices will be required of us here in the United States if there is to be international justice and lasting peace.

DR. CONANT'S "SOCIAL DYNAMITE"

DR. JAMES B. CONANT continues to display a considerable talent for arousing controversy. A few years ago Harvard's president emeritus set off a national debate by his near-equation of the public school and democracy, a view of education that seemed somewhat parochial to many people, including me. Now he's setting people on their ears again, this time by his views on education in *Slums and Suburbs*, recently published by McGraw-Hill. It is Dr. Conant's conclusions on schools in the slums that interest me, and this time around I find myself much closer to agreement with him.

In the metropolitan slum areas Dr. Conant studied, particularly the Negro slums, between half and two-thirds of the boys between sixteen and twenty-one are out of school and out of work. In cities like New York, Negro and Puerto Rican gangs fight each other, often enough to the death; their hatred for each other is often intense, perhaps exceeded only by their mutual feelings about the whites.

With few exceptions both Negroes and Puerto Ricans live in racial ghettos; their out-of-work young men know very well how many doors would remain closed to them even if they were well-educated or skilled, which they usually are not.

If I understand Dr. Conant's thesis on this point, he is warning us that the big-city slums, especially the totally segregated areas, are loaded with "social dynamite." Conditions in the racial ghettos are nearing the explosion point, and we face the gravest "possibilities of disaster" unless we act wisely and soon. Slum area schools must be drastically improved; vocational training and apprenticeship programs must be expanded; now-closed doors must be opened to job-seeking boys in these areas who have already left school.

This last point is crucial, with the national rate of unemployment for those under twenty-one more than twice that for all workers. In Dr. Conant's view, a minimum of three hundred thousand such jobs are needed right now. I don't see how anything except useful public works projects can create them quickly enough to meet the pressing need.

As for the schools themselves, Dr. Conant calls the difference between education in slum and suburb "profoundly shocking," and I don't think anyone who knows slum schools will dispute him. A middle-class suburb may allocate \$1000 per year per pupil, while the expenditure for each child in the slum school will usually come to something like half that amount. Yet in the national interest, as Dr. Conant points out, "these ratios might well be reversed."

Although Dr. Conant is opposed to segregation "solely" on racial grounds, he is also opposed to integration that is achieved by transporting children out of their own neighborhoods to schools in other areas. He is convinced that satisfactory education can be given in all-Negro schools—if only society will provide adequate financing and high-caliber, fully integrated staffs. It is this point which has aroused so much opposition to Dr. Conant's views in liberal and interracial circles, and I can see why.

The Negro community has fought too hard and too long against segregation in education to take lightly any suggestion that it really does not matter too much. Recommendations by Dr. Conant or anyone else for future improvements can hardly mean much today to informed Negro parents if local school conditions are so bad that learning is well nigh impossible. My sympathies, then, are with those Negro parents who are beginning to insist on good schools for their children, in their own neighborhood if possible but out of it if necessary. However, I do not think this point should be allowed to obscure Dr. Conant's major findings, which add up to a damning indictment of education—and life—in the racially segregated slums.

The school situation in the really blighted areas does not, of course, represent purely an educational problem; it is part of a larger socio-economic pattern of injustice, tragically complicated by racial hatred and segregation. At best, children who come from what are euphemistically called "culturally deprived" slum area homes start life with a terrible handicap. The child whose family is perennially transient, the child who cannot stay awake in class because it is impossible for him to get enough rest at home, the child who may never in his life have set foot outside the walls of a rigid racial ghetto—these children are hard for even gifted and dedicated teachers to educate. And yet such children are hardly rarities, as any "problem areas" teacher in any big city will testify.

No one with experience in these matters, then, would claim that improving the schools in slum areas will solve the total problem. But at the same time the importance of the school should not be underestimated either. The local school, if it is a good one, provides one big chance to change the bad old pattern, to break down the walls that poverty and segregation have raised so high. As long as so many schools in the metropolitan blighted areas are themselves nothing more than educational slums, dedicated to little except keeping children off the streets for five hours a day, we should stop pretending that we are even trying to face up to our problem.

JAMES O'GARA.

Walter Lippmann's World

What, Lippmann asks, is to replace in modern man his lost belief in the religion of his fathers?

by EDWARD ENGBERG

IF SNOW began to fall on Washington in the middle of July, it appears likely, on the recent record, that most newspapers would hail the event as a phenomenon attesting to the American genius for accepting change. But editorial writers would admire it only until it got too deep, and then would condemn it. David Lawrence would blame it on the Communists, and Arthur Krock on the loss of his version of our nineteenth-century vision. James Reston might note that the Administration is divided over ways to deal with the emergency, while *The New Republic* and the *National Review* debated whether snow clearance was a proper object of Federal Government concern.

As various weary partisans contended over the effect of clearance programs on sound money, the gold crisis and unemployment, Max Lerner would be incisive as to how revealing of the American's character is his reponse to the snow problem. Joseph Alsop might note that unless we do something, get some fresh ideas, we are likely to be snowed under. A precious few opinion manufacturers might be expected to assess the amount of fall, the forecasts, the number of men and shovels at hand, and advance suggestions as to how we might dig ourselves out. Pre-eminent among these would be Walter Lippmann.

Lippmann is, probably, the best known and popularly the most respected clean-desk man ever to occupy an American newspaper office. H. L. Mencken, the messy-desk exemplar, wallowed in his days, flicking out from here and there men and events which struck his curiosity, holding them up for inspection, as if by the scruff. Even at that, he was vastly more instructive than the run of clean-desk men, who tuck what they see into the social scientist's categories, or into the style and manner of stylish and mannered magazines.

Mr. Engberg, a New York editor and writer, has written for *Fortune*, the *New Leader*, and other American journals.

Walter Lippmann, however, keeps his mind, his prose and, one gathers, his private life, uncluttered; he appears to know where things belong. This may be why, in a time in which the world's affairs seem so hopelessly strewn about, Lippmann is the man a mother thinks of when her son enrolls in journalism school; why a Lippmann appearance on television ranks as an event with *Amahl and the Night Visitors*; and why, as Democrats are quick to concede, Lippmann frequently has much to do with electing Presidents, and then helping them to make up their minds.

WHERE, in Lippmann's world, *do* things belong? N.Y. *Herald Tribune* trucks were running around the city not long ago emblazoned with a hopefully tidy representation of the planet, and a motto likely to have caused even the Reverend Billy Graham to blush: "Lippmann on the World." The temptation arises to ask the waggish question whether it is *this* world Lippmann is on. That is the question, in effect, to which Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the historian and dean of faculty of the Harvard-M.I.T. White House campus, addressed himself in an essay he contributed to *Walter Lippmann and His Times*, a collection of affectionate comments by a dozen distinguished admirers published on Lippmann's seventieth birthday.

What troubled Schlesinger particularly is the "transcendental faith" evidenced by Lippmann's *Essays in the Public Philosophy*; an attempt, published in 1955, to body forth the necessity for, and nature of, political authority in a democratic society. But he refuses to take *The Public Philosophy* seriously. Lippmann's, he suggests, is the compensated mind, swinging, like a pendulum, contracyclically to the dominating suppositions of the day. To Schlesinger *The Public Philosophy* is merely one end of a swing between Lippmann's "pluralism" on the one hand, and on the other a belief in some ordinance which, if not divinely inspired, should be regarded as if it were. Whether this assess-

ment fully reveals its subject is matter for instructive speculation.

SCHLESINGER characterizes Lippmann's career as having been "in a sense . . . a long and troubled search to define the role of the intellectual in the polity of a free society." It may be at least as useful to describe Lippmann's career as the intellectual's quest to define the role of the politician in the polity of a free society. Those of Lippmann's book length essays which do not attempt directly to inform Government policy-making may each be read instructively as one in a succession of essays at the same question: Why do democratic societies appear to lose vitality and decisiveness precisely during those periods in which they most need these qualities? Lippmann concerned himself with this question after the first World War, which is to say before the democracies permitted Hitler to rise to destructive power, and long before Americans were compelled to ask why Communist governments appear, by comparison to our own, to be so sure footed. What is it, Lippmann asked, that made democratic governments unable to act quickly and decisively in their own interests, much less to perceive what those interests are and, in the making of decisions, where they lay.

The trouble, as Lippmann conceived it by 1922, was the inertial force of *Public Opinion*, the title of his examination of the confusions which beset this force. His conclusion was prophetic: "It is only on the premise of a certain stability over a long run of time that men can hope to follow the method of reason. This is not because manhood is inept, but because . . . the rate at which reason, as we possess it, can advance itself is slower than the rate at which action has to be taken." One situation changes into another "before the first is clearly understood, and so to make much political criticism hindsight and little else." *Public Opinion* is, in short, a brilliant analysis of the necessity for political authority, as well as an unexcelled handbook for the intelligent politician in ways to obtain and use public support. In Lippmann's continuing monologue—or, more precisely, his internal dialogue between the nineteenth-century rationalist and the nineteenth-century rationalist stuck in the twentieth century, the next question was: How do men regain the stability and personal equanimity once provided them by more or less stable circumstance and institutions congenial to that circumstance, such as characterized most of the nineteenth century?

In 1929, with a *Preface to Morals*, Lippmann made his first essay at the question. All of the old mirrors by which men reckoned themselves were shattered; whirl is king and must be subdued. The very memory of more stable days was now a tenaciously gripped leash restraining reason. But what is to replace in

modern man belief in the religion of his fathers, which he has lost to the "acids of modernity"? Is there any standard which permits him to "put a term upon that pursuit of money, of power and of excitement which has created so much of the turmoil and the squalor and the explosiveness of modern civilization"? What, indeed, was there even to rebel against? "The rebel . . . moves in an unreal environment, one might almost say a parasitic environment. He goes forth to destroy Caesar, Mammon, George F. Babbitt and Mrs. Grundy. As he wrestles with these demons he leans upon them. By inversion they offer him much the same kind of support which the conformer enjoys. . . . His energies are focused by his indignation."

LIPPANN'S answer was a summons to a vocation. He examined systematically the moral and religious consequences of, as he was later to put it, the transformation by the division of labor of "more or less self-sufficient men and relatively autonomous communities into a Great Society." One by one he dissected the "Great Fictions" which had survived the transformation and were now, while passing for belief, obstructions in the way of seeing circumstances as they are. Chief among them, he said, was the fiction that a significant number of men still harbored belief in a personal God, and that this belief held any relevant province over business, the family or in the arts. What was left to man, Lippmann argued, was commitment to an activity, a process: the exercise of reason, purified to an ideal of "disinterestedness," disciplined to accept and study sympathetically every clue to human behavior as if each were pregnant with revelations. Revelations of what? Of "the mark at which things aim" and consequently "that which men would wish to do if they knew what they were doing."

He wrote: ". . . the more we explore the modern world the more coherence it will give to our understanding of it. A true insight is fruitful; it multiplies insight until at last it not only illuminates a situation but provides a practical guide to conduct." These insights would, to be sure, be conditional statements, hypotheses; but men are compelled to make them, and those made with the effort of reason are better than those made without it.

The unstated obverse of Lippmann's argument pointed to the direction his thought was taking. The true believer, he says in effect, may disregard Voltaire's assertion that "if God did not exist, man would have to invent Him"; but the unbeliever must ask Why? If God and society are, like the state, artificial constructs, of what human desires are they the objects? For only by knowing this is one able to discover more serviceable constructs. Lippmann's answer is we don't yet know enough to be at all sure; many hypotheses have been tendered, most of which, he implies, con-

tain at least as many parables as are to be found in the Testaments. The best we can do is to keep looking. The most promising subject for investigation, he suggests, is the concept of human development. Perhaps “. . . with the help of psychology we are in a position now to construct reliable and useful pictures, which confirm and correct our own intuitive understanding, of the infantile and of the mature approach to experience” and in that way locate the objects of mature desire.

In Lippmann's view, in short, men seemed to possess a faculty for recognition of the good in conduct, educable by the experience of the individual and of the species, accountable to, but distinct from, reason. The concomitant desire of this faculty apparently has as its object certain qualities in social orders, analogous to qualities sought by the faculty for recognition of excellence in the works of the artistic imagination. To the extent that it was cluttered by trivia, numbed by violence, left unexercised, or impaired in some other way, to that extent could it be seduced into seeking false objects. The same events which urgently required exercise of this faculty, at least among political leaders, Lippmann believed, were also corroding it. Having no orthodoxy, no touchstones upon which to rely, men were in danger of fleeing into new fictions, of mounting new pictures in their heads, as obstructive as the old ones to a vision of where their real good lay, and with even more perilous consequences.

By 1937, when Lippmann completed *The Good Society*, some of those consequences had already become evident. The eighteenth-century liberals, impelled by the requirement to insure the security of transactions and of property at a distance “convinced themselves that the legal rights enforceable in the courts were in essence superhuman . . . the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God.” Thus, “the inquiry into the justice, the suitability, and the social convenience of laws was inhibited,” and new laws in response to the pressure of new imperatives were reconciled “with the unalterable law by employing an elaborate legal casuistry.” A “vital lie” had become an immobilizing encumbrance leading to and in many instances powerless before the “great reaction” which had set in; authoritarian collectivism was the gigantic heresy of an apostate generation which doomed it to “pass through the terrible ordeal of total wars and of revolutionary dictatorship.” Lippmann casts about through contemporary political ruins, the ideals of Fascism, Communism, state socialism, state capitalism and *laissez faire* capitalism, all warnings of the consequences of placing political regulation above—what? Or, to put it another way, “the justice, the suitability, and the social convenience of laws” measured against what good?

A Preface to Morals contains but an incidental men-

tion of personality in its generic sense, and that only when Lippmann was amusing himself over Harry Emerson Fosdick's belief in its persistence into the hereafter. In *The Good Society*, the human person becomes the conviction toward which “men have fought their way in the long ascent out of the morass of barbarism. Upon this rock they have built the rude foundations of the Good Society.” The person he conceives as an “inviolable essence” in the recognition of which religious experience is somehow entailed; this fact, he says, is what moves collectivist regimes to be “profoundly irreligious.” These affirmations appear very near the end of a long essay, in a manner which suggests that Lippmann had not quite formulated in his own mind the principle which is to inform a judgment concerning the legitimacy of political authority. Whatever polemical purpose Lippmann may have had in writing *The Good Society*, it became the means, in the end, to asking what it was the liberal hero Jeremy Bentham had left out of his calculations. This is the question which occupies Lippmann in *Essays in The Public Philosophy*.

C RITICAL reception of *The Public Philosophy* was and continues to be mixed. Lippmann must have been amused (one gathers he rarely is dismayed) at the support which certain of the critics adduced from the book, and also puzzled at some who parted company with him over it. Schlesinger's comments in his essay for *Walter Lippmann and His Times* fairly represents one prevailing school of thought on the book, which is that “what began for Lippmann as a functional necessity was somehow hypostatized into a transcendental faith—and then employed to abolish the very pluralism which had originally produced it.” Are there perhaps signs, Schlesinger asks, that he is “swinging back to a more vivid appreciation of the reality of pluralism? Certainly he was unsparing in his criticism when John Foster Dulles, almost as if in response to Lippmann's summons to the philosophers, sought to preach something suspiciously like the public philosophy to our erring brothers overseas.” Also, Schlesinger notes, Lippmann's most recently published book condemns “the fallacy of assuming that this is one world and that the social order to which one belongs must either perish or become the universal order of mankind.”

Mistrust of natural law theory, any natural law theory, runs deep and wide in American political thought. The excesses of divine monarchs, inquisitors and Cotton Mather are visited indiscriminately upon anyone who tries to get a sympathetic critical hearing for anything smacking of a law of nature. Nor is his effort helped perceptibly by the persistent tendency in this country to excessively moralize political issues and causes; to confuse sound money, the Federal Bureau

of Investigation and the rules of jungle warfare with acts of original creation. *The Public Philosophy* does not, however, claim an ordinance of God for any social order extant or conceivable within known human capacity. It has to do with the nature and object of political authority, in all its parts. It does not commend, much less preach, any existing instance, nor does it imagine an ideal, complete with all the doors and windows in place and the house rules solidly and firmly established.

It does, to be sure, affirm an ideal. Everyone possesses, because everyone acts upon, one conception or another of human nature. Hitler had his, and it offended many. Are they to say, therefore, that his was not simply another man's dish of tea; is every opinion on the subject as good as any other? Or does man have recourse to something which enables him to call foul; a guiding principle which will enable man, at the least, to avoid squandering the products of blood, sweat and thought laid up by past generations for his benefit?

Lippmann affirms that there are essences to which the mature conscience aspires, with reason as its guide; that once these are known, the essential place and object of government, the legitimate relation between government and the governed, will be known. The pragmatist may regard the conception of a public conscience as mystical; but it is no more so, nor less supportable by evidence, than the conception of, say, *id* and *ego*; nor does the public philosophy appear to be any more transcendental than the premise which underlies Aristotle's definition of tragedy. If one wishes to quarrel with the concept of a society as partaking of the corporate essence, independent of particular individuals who make it up, he will have to find another explanation for the fact that, as Lippmann argues the problem, "young men die in battle for their country's sake and . . . old men plant trees they will never sit under."

John Calvin believed the dominant social order to be God's handiwork; else why should it exist and why should it be dominant? The unsuccessful revolutionist is a sinner; the successful revolutionist a divinely chosen instrument of punishment and change. Much can be said for this thesis, but it is not the case Lippmann tries to make. It very likely was not as fair, to either party, as it was easy, to describe John Foster Dulles as a Calvinist; but it was much closer to the truth than it would have been to say that Dulles preached Lippmann. Time and again over the years it has fallen to Lippmann to issue reminders that the world is in the throes of revolutions; that if they are not to be allowed to become wholly destructive, they must be recognized, their sources understood and their destinies perceived, as Churchill did in the late thirties. In the meantime the run of politicians has, whether

out of reflex, conviction, weary resignation or fear for their political skins, moralized themselves into paralysis before the awful facts, intruding principle as obstructions to right action. They insist, as Lippmann once observed, "that conduct must conform to the established code" when "what really worried men was how to adjust their conduct to the novel circumstances which confronted them."

ESSAYS IN THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY is not, to be sure, a landmark in the history of original thought. "I had learned that in respect to political principles in our ancient civilization," Lippmann wrote introducing a reissue of *The Good Society*, "only the naive think they can be original. For the enduring principles are enduring because they reflect a very long experience." His vocation, as he saw it in *A Preface to Morals*, was that of a moralist. The vocation had fallen into "disesteem," Lippmann wrote, because of the failure of moralists to see that "in an age like this one the function of the moralist is not to exhort men to be good but to elucidate what the good is." Nineteenth-century editors, orators in print, as Alva Johnston called them, like William Allen White, had a vocation for politics, but in those more settled days, politicians were expected to surmount claims to the rewards of politics, and be moralists. Today's publishers endeavor, certain of them, to redress the loss of the disinterested eye in public life (newspapers came fairly recently to the ideal of "objectivity") and to "let the chips fall where they may." But somehow, the chips get swept into the same old bins.

The true moralist shares a tradition of, and vocation with, men as diverse as Herodotus, Tocqueville and Camus, perhaps even with Colonel Robert McCormick. Generally within the past few decades, only writers and editors with a personal reputation, among whom ought be included Harold Ross and those who wrote for him, Jules Pfeiffer, Murray Kempton and Herblock, turn out to be moralists, while the big impersonal engines—*Time*, *Inc.*, for an evident example—moralize.

If the tempo of events in the twenties seemed furious, they were, by today's standards, almost stately. Technology so reduces the routine of execution as to make insignificant the time and work which at one time were given over to testing, modifying and revising decisions, whether to make a new product, create legislation or go to war. To be able to call oneself a moralist in these circumstances requires extraordinary confidence, earned at extraordinary effort, in one's competence to make judgments. This is perhaps why moralists mask their seriousness in irony, or become stand-up comedians; and why, among men who write for newspapers, Walter Lippmann has the title very nearly to himself.

A Family Affair

by JAMES J. MAGUIRE

THERE ARE, so my biologist friends tell me, mechanisms of adaptation and defense that are just too complete and too satisfactory. Mollusks are a case in point. The shell, which served the strain so well at a relatively early stage in the evolutionary scheme, tended to cancel out the possibility of future development. Though this may or may not be good biology, it does aptly illustrate the strength and the weakness of American Catholic higher education.

There can be no doubt that the American Catholic accomplishment in the field of higher education is most impressive: our European brethren never cease to marvel at the number and the size of our colleges and universities. The deeper wonder is how this miracle was accomplished in decades, rather than in centuries and by immigrant minorities at that. By way of explanation we ourselves are prone to imagine that this achievement stems from the same American Catholic zeal and generosity which brought the parochial school system into existence.

There is, however, one curious discrepancy in this broad and flattering picture. Viewing the American Catholic educational achievement in retrospect, we may indeed see it as a unified whole extending from grade school to university. But the simple truth is that higher education has never really been an official American Catholic project; certainly not in the same sense that the establishment of a parochial school system has been a matter of official policy.

Official encouragement is one thing, but the down-to-earth test is the allocation of diocesan and parochial funds. American Catholics have responded generously to bishops' and pastors' appeals for the support necessary to create parochial schools but they have not contributed in a similar fashion to the establishment of institutions of higher learning. They have not done so for the simple reason that such appeals have hardly ever been made. Diocesan authorities generally have not regarded this as their direct responsibility.

All of this may be understandable enough: it is, however, in fact difficult to see how diocesan authorities could have acted otherwise. Yet for better or for worse, the truth of the matter is that most American Catholic colleges do *not* owe their existence to

general Catholic support but rather to the initiative, resourcefulness and sacrifices of individual religious communities. Community *esprit de corps* has been the protective shell which has made the achievement possible.

To understand the past history—and the future potential—of American Catholic higher education, it is necessary to appreciate the special character of the *esprit d' corps* of the religious community. It is something more than the arithmetical sum of individual totals of piety and detachment. A religious community with a vital sense of mission achieves a degree of group orientation and group identification seldom found elsewhere. The fact that the group orientation and group identification are founded on supernatural principles and nourished by the well-springs of devotion simply give them a deeper and more satisfying dimension. The net result is a uniquely satisfying sense of comradeship, the kind of comradeship which sparks enthusiasm and blunts the cutting edge of sacrifice and hardship.

American Catholic colleges and universities are, in a very real sense, the product of "private enterprise"—the "private enterprise" of religious communities. Had it not been for such private enterprise, diocesan authorities might of course have been goaded into establishing institutions subsidized by diocesan funds and parish collections and staffed by religious as paid employees. There is however no point in speculating about such a possibility: the fact of the matter is that our institutions of higher learning owe their existence to a spirit not unlike that which produces the "family business." This "family-community" spirit is the real explanation of the marvel of our achievement.

IT IS this spirit which explains some of the anomalies of American Catholic higher education, in particular the wasteful duplication apparent in some areas. I think for example of three women's colleges with pitifully small enrollments, clustered within a few miles of a major Catholic university, which is also co-educational. This is not an isolated example; this aspect of the total picture has been commented upon often enough. It would seem to represent *esprit de corps* run riot.

Father Maguire, long a member of the Religion department at the University of Notre Dame, is a regular contributor.

Apart, however, from the question of wasteful duplication, there is another aspect of the "family business" spirit in American Catholic higher education which deserves closer scrutiny. For while the past needs of the Church in this country may have been adequately met by collegiate institutions, which in temper and tone closely resembled junior colleges and finishing schools, it would seem that today's need is for the college which more closely resembles the university in its "pursuit of excellence." At the earlier "pre-academic excellence" stage of Catholic education, the operation could be conducted on an intra-mural community basis. But with today's demand for professional qualifications and specialized training, the need for "outsiders" becomes more pressing.

THE PROBLEM is not merely that more "outside teachers" are needed but that a different brand is called for. Commenting on the earlier stage, the Notre Dame Chapter of the American Association of University Professors (in a recent report on the question of faculty participation in administrative decision-making) noted that the term "teacher-employee" (as opposed to, e.g., "maintenance employee") was a not inapt description. Today however, the "outsider" is likely to have professional qualifications of the highest order (otherwise the college would not be interested in hiring him) and to be acclimatized to the democratic processes of the secular or state university. And while no one expects total democracy on the academic scene, the scholar will be particularly sensitive to a line between first and second class citizenship drawn on any basis other than that of academic rank or professional achievement.

In the above mentioned report of the Notre Dame Chapter of the American Association of University Professors, the basic outlook of the new breed of lay faculty emerges very clearly in the very statement of the problem as the members see it: "Even with the best of intentions he (the President of the university) is loath to delegate such authority and responsibility to a group the membership of which, considered (as it must be by him) in individual terms, is inhomogeneous, mortal and of extremely varying temperament, interests and capabilities. It is natural that he should turn for his major support to a select and dedicated few from the organization which actually owns the university and whose goals are, in their opinion, identified with its highest good and (to use that oft-repeated phrase) 'the attainment of excellence.'"

The pattern here pictured is clearly not peculiar to Notre Dame: it is simply that the paradox involved in this kind of control of the institution by "the organization which actually owns" it, becomes more obvious where there is a larger and more distinguished

"outside" faculty. It is particularly interesting that those who framed the report should refer to "the organization which actually owns the university": this seems to show an awareness of the fact that there is more to the problem than the ordinary issue of clerical-lay tension. But in any case, one does not have to read very closely between the lines to realize that the situation is not regarded as a particularly happy one. "Outside" faculty members want to be considered partners in the academic enterprise and not merely paid employees of a family business.

There are two reasons why failure to come to grips with this demand could be fatal to the future of the Catholic university. In the first place there is the obvious problem of recruiting high caliber personnel. Word spreads rapidly in the tightly knit academic profession, much given to attending meetings and conferences. Expressions of even low-key dissatisfaction by a Catholic college faculty member has the effect of confirming the already existing stereotype. In the academic world there is seldom anything so dramatic as a strike or a boycott: all that happens is that the better qualified teacher declines to gamble two or three years of his life on the chance that conditions at the Catholic institution will be as good as those elsewhere.

To appreciate the nature of the gamble, it should be realized that while college teaching is almost a public symbol of security, that security does not come as quickly or as automatically as it does in an elementary school system or in the Civil Service. Much has been made of the fact that major Catholic institutions now guarantee firm tenure. This is a significant advance but its import should not be exaggerated. When a man invests a block of his years at a university without gaining the coveted promotion, not only is he faced with the problem of starting over but there is also a certain depreciation in the market value of his services. A man does not make that kind of gamble if he suspects that one or more of the limited number of tenure positions is being reserved for members of the "family."

JUST AS IT is possible to exaggerate the drawing power of the new tenure practices, it is also possible to exaggerate the significance of the now relatively adequate salaries paid by major Catholic institutions. Adequate compensation is indispensable. Yet adequate compensation—and particularly *merely* adequate compensation is no substitute for those intangibles which cause a man to sacrifice part of his earning potential by taking up college teaching in the first place. Broadly speaking the total Catholic atmosphere is such an intangible but the larger demand is for a sense of creative participation and mature responsibility in the total work of the university. Re-

ligious who derive their own sense of purpose through identification with the religious community rather than the academic community are prone to underestimate both the layman's reservoir of idealism and his need for this identification.

There is no need here to spell out the conditions of creative teaching except to point out that, at the college level, the sense of community and of community responsibility is even more necessary than it is at other levels. The college teacher needs the stimulus of communication with other faculty members but he also needs to feel that such communication, even informal debates over the luncheon table, are a contribution to the total good of the institution. But this in turn means that decisions are not merely imposed from the top but that there be some actual mechanism of faculty participation.

The second reason for being concerned with the dichotomy between faculty members who are part of the "in-group" that owns and operates the institution and those who are merely paid employees, is, therefore, the baneful effect on the caliber of the teaching itself. This is a problem that goes considerably beyond questions of salary and tenure. Yet though it may seem difficult to envision any definitive resolution of the problem of ownership and control, there are nevertheless certain suggestions which seem to be in order.

The first is a negative warning: there is no point in the creation of faculty committees and advisory boards with high-sounding titles but no real authority. In the case of academic personnel the "feeling" of participation can hardly be "faked." Competent teachers are well versed in the technique of leading students to pre-set conclusions without destroying the students' illusion that they are making their own de-

cisions. Those who have served as faculty advisers are too familiar with the useful but artificial mechanisms of student government to be taken in by "busy-work" and *ersatz* decision making.

In any case it is by no means clear that formally structured organs of participation are what is called for at all. In the Notre Dame report, reference was made to the fact that faculty members were reduced to "luncheon-table communication." In itself there is nothing wrong with this form of "participation": the only difficulty on the Catholic campus is that those faculty members who are in a position to implement policy, i.e., members of the religious community which owns and administers the institution, have their own eating arrangements. In general there is no parallel on the Catholic campus to those social channels of communication which bulk so large in the life of the average American university.

It must be admitted that religious community rules generally seem to stand in the way of the simple suggestion of more informal, social communication between religious and lay members of the faculty. Yet there can hardly be any doubt that at this juncture in American Catholic higher education, the prime need is for a sense of genuine academic community, that unites religious and layman in a common identification.

A wider recognition of that need may perhaps in time lead to a modification of our concept of the teaching community. But again perhaps this should not be necessary. The only thing really necessary is that the tight spirit of community *esprit de corps*, of community responsibility and community property, which served so well in the earlier days of American education, should be sufficiently relaxed to make the larger growth possible.

BEGINNING OF THE END

Peace in Algeria?

by ROBERT BARRAT

THE ALGERIAN WAR seems to be coming to an end. After seven years of bloody battles and assassinations, reprisals and counter-reprisals, a cease-fire at last appears to be at hand. Soon, it can now be hoped, the inhabitants of this ravaged country will then be able to bind up their

wounds and turn to the work of reconstruction and peace.

Why is there hope now, after so long? First, because it is generally recognized that a military victory is impossible. The French Army, in spite of its technical and logistic superiority, cannot subdue the Algerian guerrillas, and the latter, although they enjoy the almost universal support of the native population,

M. Barrat, long associated with the *Centre des Intellectuels Français*, is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Paris.

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will never be able to inflict a defeat on the French forces comparable to that of Dienbienphu. Rather than engage in a thirty-years- or a hundred-years-war, it is better to seek a compromise agreement. Such is the conclusion reached by both the French government and the Algerian nationalists.

The second reason favoring a rapid end to hostilities is that de Gaulle is the only man capable of making the idea of Algerian independence acceptable to the people of France and the nationalists know it. De Gaulle has doubtless chosen a slow and dangerous method, yet he has pronounced such key words as "independence" and "Algerian sovereignty" without shaking France to its foundations. If a referendum were taken today, de Gaulle would in all probability receive from seventy to eighty per cent of the votes. It is not that the French particularly like this haughty and disdainful personage, who seems to come straight from the pages of a history book, but they know their only choice is between him and chaos.

The F.L.N. and de Gaulle are therefore in agreement on the main outlines of a solution. The conversations at Lugrin and Evian have shown that the Algerian nationalists accept the principle of guarantees for the European minority, cooperation with France and a privileged position for France in the exploitation of the underground riches of the Sahara. But a number of difficulties persist.

THE FRENCH government is ready to recognize the Algerian role in the Sahara, as de Gaulle implicitly admitted in his televised address of October 2. But first he would like to negotiate the independence of North Algeria, then proceeding to parley with the future Algerian government on the question of the Sahara. The leaders of the F.L.N. do not take to this order of proceeding.

Secondly, there is the problem of bases. De Gaulle insists on keeping the French military bases in Algeria (Mers-el-Kébir) and in the Sahara. He has been quite amenable to the arguments of his scientific-economic brain trust, especially those of MM. Pompidou and Guillaumat, according to whom France would abandon its role as an atomic and world power if it should definitively cede the region of its Saharan experiments to an Algerian state which threatens to turn toward the East. Besides, the parleys over the evacuation of Bizerte are dragging and will continue to do so, for de Gaulle does not want a precedent created before the question of Mers-el-Kébir has been settled. As partisans of "non-alignment," the leaders of F.L.N. still refuse to make any concessions on this question.

Finally, there is the problem of the provisional government. De Gaulle would like to establish it as swiftly as possible. As he has explained to the Socialist delegation, this central body, executive or consultative

(it has not been decided which) would be provided with a military force of fifty thousand men in order to supervise the referendum.

What de Gaulle envisages is a commission composed of third-force Moslems, who would be approved by the nationalists, and a police force to be made up mostly of Moslems in French pay. The F.L.N. would hardly agree to such a proposal. It will oppose all Algerian institutions, even provisional ones, in which it does not have representation. And how could the liberation armed forces agree to submit to the supervision of men who have enrolled to fight against them? Under these conditions it is hardly surprising that many Paris observers believe that negotiations will drag on for a good while and that they will be preceded by a period of secret contacts through which there will be efforts to iron out the difficulties that remain.

ON THE WHOLE, French opinion has confidence that the General will succeed in liberating the nation from its Algerian burden. But a minority of active opponents, military and civil, always obstinately oppose negotiation, for they realize that sooner or later it will end in the F.L.N.'s taking power in Algeria. That is something they oppose at any cost: their position seems to be that it is better for the nation to founder than to preserve French unity by such a surrender! These men, it can be said with some justification, are in the same situation as that of the German leaders in 1944-45: they have to keep on to the end if they are not to go back on everything for which they have been fighting.

These opponents of negotiation could easily succeed in mobilizing public opinion against a Socialist, a leader of the fourth Republic or a Pierre Mendès-France, simply by charging him with defeatism. But in the case of a military nationalist like de Gaulle this is a bit more difficult. Nevertheless, there is a limit to what even de Gaulle can do without falling under the shadow of their accusations. It is obvious that he cannot suddenly install M. Ben Khedda in Algiers nor leave the Europeans in Algeria to their fate.

How far can de Gaulle venture without losing the support of French public opinion and yet go far enough to permit the F.L.N. to meet him without alienating its own adherents? That is the big question to be answered on the eve of resuming negotiations. But another major difficulty remains. Suppose that a position feasible for both de Gaulle and the F.L.N. can be agreed upon in coming weeks; in order to be able to carry out the agreements then reached, the French government must first liquidate the O.A.S., the Secret Army Organization. And on its side, the O.A.S. must play its hand before de Gaulle concludes his F.L.N. negotiations.

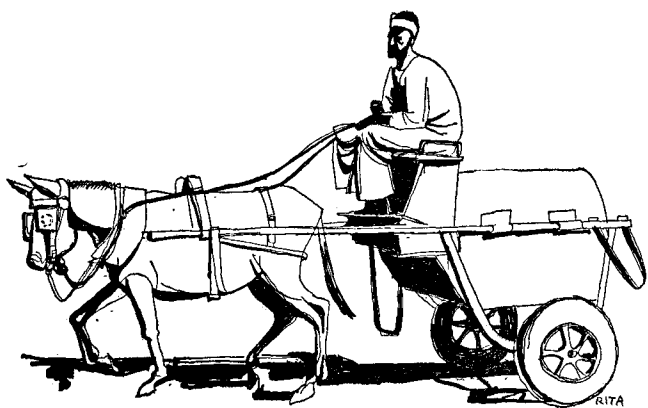
How strong is the O.A.S.? No one can say exactly, but its strength is undoubtedly exaggerated by the

propaganda of the army colonels, who are specialists in psychological warfare. The bulk of the European civil population in Algeria, of course, is determined upon a French Algeria. But if there are many volunteers to drum on the table, actual candidates for the barricades are extremely few. The best guess is that the O.A.S. consists of perhaps forty thousand active militants among whom there might be five thousand desperadoes; it cannot attempt anything serious without the cooperation of the French Army. As for the officer corps, it is estimated that fifteen per cent of its number would be ready to attempt a new uprising. Even then, however, de Gaulle would have to supply them with an opportunity by an error in tactics or a gross blunder, which is not his custom.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that certain leaders of the Secret Army, who have been called its "legalists," hesitate when faced with the prospect of a test of strength, preferring to count on the gradual internal weakening of the present French regime. Despite the popularity with the masses which de Gaulle still enjoys, there is discontent in a number of social milieux and the political ice floe has begun to thaw. Is it not better, they say, to leave de Gaulle to become emmeshed in internal difficulties?

As they see it, the time will come when the nation's political leaders and his own ministers will ask de Gaulle, as they did in 1947, to return to his village of Colombey les Deux Eglises. Already a wind is beginning to build up in Parliament, and perhaps it will in the end uproot the proud and solitary old oak. In the meantime, these forces contend that maintaining the threat of subversion in Algeria is enough to block any resumption of negotiations with the F.L.N.

This, then, is the difficult situation which confronts de Gaulle at this moment. He can succeed in his task only if he can cope successfully with all the confusing and often contradictory elements in the problem. At this point, too, it must be said that his task is made no easier by the presence within his government of men who are also determined to move, but in exactly the opposite direction. These too de Gaulle will have to deal with, sooner or later.



THE SCREEN

FOUR O'CLOCK SHADOW

STARTING FROM a Graham Greene-ish plot about a fallen-away priest, a South Pacific island, and three hardened convicts who save a colony of leper children from an erupting volcano, "The Devil at Four O'Clock" has great promise. Moreover, producers Fred Kohlmar and Mervyn Le Roy gave their picture a good cast, with Spencer Tracy as the disillusioned, hard-drinking priest about to be replaced by a young man (Kerwin Mathews) and Frank Sinatra as the flip, cynical leader of the criminals. Finally, it has some good photography of the island of Maui in Hawaii which was used for the location shots of the earthquake, volcanic display and general excitement during the thrilling escape.

Unfortunately, none of this, not even the flowing lava, quite comes up to the original promise. The script, written by Liam O'Brien from the novel by Max Catto, is a rather vague affair. Especially vague is the business of the priest who took to whisky when his flock walked out on him because his leper hospital ruined the tourist trade. Tracy's flat performance doesn't help the role much, and Sinatra's casual acting as the convict is a little too off-hand to win interest. Bernie Hamilton and Gregoire Aslan come through quite well as the other two criminals; and several of the supporting players add sparkle every now and then.

But Mervyn Le Roy's direction is no more inspired than the script. Even the clichés are on the pretentious side—the pretty blind nurse with whom Sinatra falls in love, the ex-prostitute hospital matron, the sudden rush of conversions at the finale. The film is so crowded with characters and emotional problems that it has no time to treat any of them with any depth. Its earthquake scenes and the shots of the native children fleeing down the valleys before the molten lava are, however, quite engrossing. Perhaps what "The Devil at Four O'Clock" needs is a little shaving to eliminate its five o'clock shadow.

WALT DISNEY and his staff never cease to amaze me. The love affair probably started in the late twenties when Mickey Mouse burst on the screen, and it continued through such gems as "Three Little Pigs" and those wonderful feature-length cartoons about Snow White, Pinocchio and Dumbo. Then it started all over again with the remarkable nature films about seals and gophers and other wild inhabitants of the prairie, tundra and jungle. In more recent years Disney's studio has turned out, along with successful comedies about shaggy dogs and absent-minded professors, a series of movies made from passé novels

that hardly seemed possible to revitalize: "Swiss Family Robinson," "Toby Tyler," and especially an excellent version of "Pollyanna." Now Disney has added one more to this series: "Greyfriars' Bobby." Again I am amazed.

It was with reluctance that I approached a film based on the dripping-sweet (but true) story of the dog who was so devoted to his elderly shepherd-master who died in Edinburgh that he refused to leave his grave in the old kirkyard of Greyfriars. Eventually the dog, known as "Greyfriars' Bobby," became a ward of the city, and there is now a statue to him in Edinburgh.

All misgivings about this sugary subject soon disappeared. The movie is so well made, with lovely Technicolor shots of Scotland and a fine cast directed by Don Chaffey, that one forgets the softer aspects of the tale and appreciates the alternating grim and humorous touches accentuated by the film.

Robert Westerby has written a good script from Eleanor Atkinson's 1912 book which was based on the famous story of a hundred years ago. Sometimes the Scottish burrs in the dialogue are a bit difficult to follow, but the cast—led by Laurence Naismith as a kind restaurant-owner who befriends Bobby; Donald Crisp as the gruff caretaker of the kirkyard; Kay Walsh as his softer wife; and a flock of likable kids, portraying Edinburgh waifs—succeed admirably in augmenting the film's realism. And so does the Skye terrier who plays Bobby. He's such a good actor, in fact, that he seems more like one of the documentary subjects from Disney's nature films than like a trained dog. If you're a dog fancier at all, you'd better see "Greyfriars' Bobby"—even if you have to take the young fry.

ONE COULD ONLY wish that Ross Hunter, who produces slick, money-making movies from gushy old novels, had Walt Disney's knack for adding realism and conviction to the saccharine. Producer Hunter's biggest mistake in making "Back Street" from Fannie Hurst's 1931 best-seller was in updating it. His second mistake was in making the picture so slick with fashionable New York, Rome and Paris backgrounds (very well photographed in color, by the way) that the title loses its point.

Miss Hurst was telling the tear-drenched story of the "other woman," the woman so desperately in love with a married man whose wife refuses to give him a divorce that she is willing to be his mistress and live on a back street just to have him drop in once in a while. But in this version, Susan Hayward plays the "other woman" so positively and with so much flair as a fashion designer of some distinction that she never even sees a back street. When handsome John Gavin can't get rid of his alcoholic wife (Vera Miles), he sets

Susan up in a pretty old French farm house outside of Paris.

No back streets for Susan—nothing but the best, even if she has to have a long-running affair with a married man to get what she wants. Although Susan does shed tears every now and then, as far as the audience is concerned she sheds them alone. Perhaps producer Hunter's biggest mistake was in making "Back Street" at all.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

BUT DOES IT GO?

ONE OF THE paradoxes of the theater is that often a play with audacity, ingenuity and purpose will fail to come through while something that seems simply to have been conjured into easy existence exhibits a tenacious vitality. I am not speaking of a drama's popular success or failure, an area in which such ironies are commonplace, but of its reality beyond what happens to it in the marketplace, its intrinsic achievement, or life. I have recently seen two plays, both imports, that illustrate this mystery, if it is one. One was serious, imaginative and bold—and it didn't work; the other was trivial, derivative and safe—and it did work.

By "work" I mean hold up, fill properly a chosen space, do what is intended to be done, move with a coherent life. And those, I'm afraid, are the things that "Do You Know the Milky Way?" didn't accomplish and "A Shot in the Dark" did—the one an earnest, troubled, passionate experiment from Germany, the other a conventional, cool *pièce de boulevard* from France. It makes you think.

"A Shot in the Dark" is by Marcel Achard, one of France's best stage carpenters, although in fairness it should be noted that he sometimes rises higher than that. This play does, a little. Its actual title is *L'Idiot* and it has been meeting with great success in Paris, where works of its genre—witty, knowing comedies about infidelity and the complications of passion—have of course the most comfortable and accepting of homes. Here, under Harry Kurnitz's adaptation and Harold Clurman's direction, it comes on as something of an exotic stranger, a good deal more subtle and civilized than, say, "The Seven-Year Itch" or "The Marriage-Go-Round." But here, too, as I have said, it works, impregnable behind its paper towers.

The play takes place entirely within an examining magistrate's chambers where an investigation is being conducted into a murder on the estate of a wealthy aristocrat. In the course of things the prime suspect, a

chambermaid of yeasty appetites and peasant wisdom, Joan of Arc among the lawyers, is cleared and the real culprit found. But all that of course is nothing but momentum. What you see in motion is a sophisticated fable of the amorous life of the aristocracy and its need for replenishment by the hotter blood of the lower classes. It all has just that edge of truth which has always made the well-made play win the minor order of acceptance we give to it.

But truth, at least of the cognitive or imaginative kind, isn't what is being sold here. Dreams are, light dreams, playful ones, though sometimes bearing a skin somewhat prickly with mockery. As played by William Shatner, Julie Harris and especially Walter Matthau, (whose portrait of a nobleman is a masterly evocation of exquisite refinement cum ennui cum sporadic satyriasis), "A Shot in the Dark" clicks beautifully down its narrow-gauge track. You may be surprised to see Julie Harris involved in it, but then Sarah Bernhardt was a regular in Sardou's boulevard caprices. Despite her mannerisms, Miss Harris is someone I like to watch, and I liked her here. I also liked, heaven defend me from Kierkegaard and Heidegger, "A Shot in the Dark." (*At the Booth.*)

KARL WITTLINGER'S "Do You Know the Milky Way?" employs a great many devices, some of them original and vivid, to unfold its parable of innocence and guilt, its tale of one man's naive wish to atone for the world's, or more specifically Germany's, evils. The basic device is a Pirandello-like play-within-a-play, and there is also an attempt to make accomplices out of the audience, in the manner of "The

Connection" (among recent examples), and the insertion of a segment of film used interestingly to establish and advance certain abstract qualities of the play's substance and not merely as an aspect of its physical action.

I was impressed, but I was also confused and irritated, because Wittlinger, for all his energy, his acute sense of moral distress and his urgent vision, simply doesn't bring his play into firmness, consistency or inevitability. He is too often theatrical rather than dramatic, he too frequently substitutes exhortation for image, and he oscillates unpleasantly between legend and satire. The legend is sometimes poetic and the satire reminiscent in its savagery of George Grosz's drawings of the Teutonic inferno; but the two modes grinding upon each other bring the play to a near standstill.

I shouldn't like to leave it at that. For one thing, I haven't mentioned the brilliant acting of the two-man cast: Hal Holbrook's whimsical yet agonized rendering of the idealist and George Voskovec's almost unbelievable performance in a dozen roles of the inner play. More than that, I don't want to seem to reject "Milky Way" in toto. Jean-Louis Barrault has written that "In order to be daring, and to contribute to the life of the theater, one must have the right to make mistakes." Wittlinger's play does contribute to the life of the theater, if only as a set of possibilities. I do wish, though, that I could be sure it's a question this time of a mistake and not one of a playwright's equipment being fatally inadequate to the stringency and magnitude of his ambitions. (*At the Billy Rose.*)

RICHARD GILMAN.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

What Children Read

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

IN 1960 and 1961 the *Bureau International Catholique de l'Enfance* conducted several surveys dealing with children's reading in France. Other organizations, such as the *Conseil Colmarien de la Jeunesse*, have also made separate studies of the same problem. Out of this quite exhaustive data we can lift some aspects particularly interesting to the American public.

Three thousand French boys and girls between the

Mrs. Bishop is herself a well-known author of children's books. Her most recent is *A Present from Petros* (Viking).

ages of fourteen and seventeen participated in these surveys. Three groups were considered: youngsters in secondary schools (leading to university entrance), those in technical schools (leading to technical jobs) and those who, being apprentices, attended only part-time schools.

In some ways, the statistics on average book reading for these children were about what one would expect. Fifty per cent of the boys in secondary (pre-university) school read more than one book a week, and only twenty-three per cent of these boys read less

than one book a week. Apprentice boys (with only part-time school attendance) averaged appreciably lower in the amount of reading they did. Only thirty-five per cent of them read more than one book a week, and forty-four per cent read less than one a week. Interestingly, technical school boys read even less than the apprentices. Only twenty-nine per cent of the technical students read more than a book a week, while fifty-one per cent read less than that.

The girls generally read more than boys in the same category. In the technical and apprentice groups the gap was particularly wide. Whereas fifty-one per cent of the technical school boys read less than one book a week, only twenty-nine per cent of the apprentice girls read this little. Twenty-nine per cent of the technical school boys read more than a book a week, but forty-four per cent of the girls in this group read at least this much; and among the apprentices, only thirty-five per cent of the boys read more than a book a week, as opposed to fifty-one per cent of the girls.

How do these children choose their books? The factors which determine the choice are found to be in the following order of importance: schoolmate borrowing, teacher's recommendation, favorite series, parents' advice. Regarding friends' influence, which outdistances by far all the other factors, it should be pointed out that, unfortunately, the obliging friend is not necessarily the one with the best taste in books. As to the teacher's influence, it appears to work out mainly when the book recommended can be found in the school library. If not, the teacher's influence drops sharply. This, coupled with the friendly lender's high rating, points to the fact that easy access is paramount.

The effect of series in book popularity is widespread in France among youngsters. Since most French children's books are published in series, it follows that a considerable amount of reading is governed by a first successful acquaintance with one book in a series. This leads to indiscriminate reading of all the other books in the series, a lazy, deplorable habit. Fortunately, some French publishers work very hard to keep up a level of excellence in a series, and they do succeed, so that the young "addict" to a series is not deprived of good reading. As to parents' advice, it rates very low, a little higher in the case of girls.

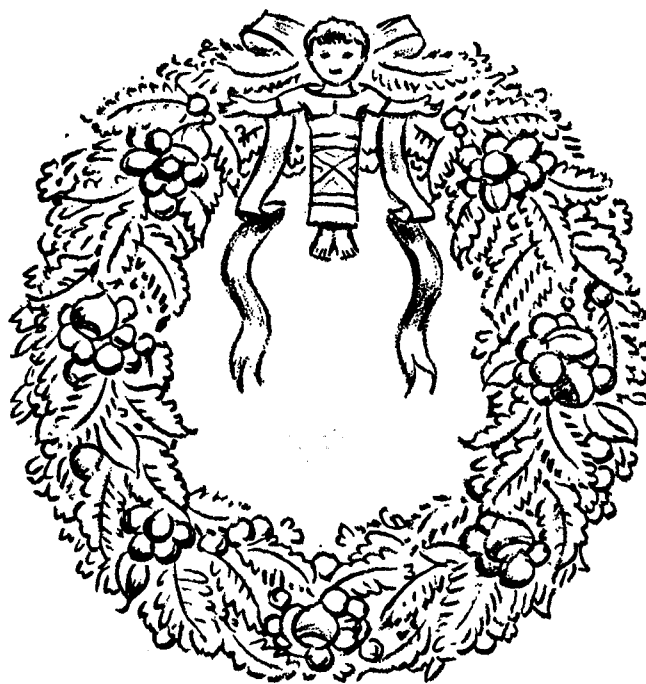
THE SURVEY also points out that not only do French young people receive books as gifts (many times nothing but books), but they do enjoy building their own collections. The survey shows a range from no books at all of their own (except school books) to more than fifty books. Predictably, the highest percentage of children who own personal libraries was found in the children of parents in the liberal professions (thirty-six per cent); from that point the curve goes down, from children of white-collar workers

(twenty-six per cent), of shopkeepers (eighteen per cent), of skilled workers (thirteen per cent), to the two groups at the bottom of the chart, the children of industrial workers and farmers (both six per cent). As for children who own no books of their own, the chart follows the same order exactly, only in the opposite direction. Only thirteen per cent of the children of parents in the liberal professions own no books; and the percentage increases as one goes down the list of occupations. Forty-four per cent of the children of farmers own no books at all, and forty per cent of children of industrial workers.

What a sad commentary on a class civilization! However, the new French education plan already in vigor this year promises to do away with this sharp discrimination in cultural possibilities. Also, it would be interesting to know something about youngsters who own some books but less than fifty. A few, well chosen ones, may hold great promise for the owner.

What kind of books do these children read? Adventures first of all, whether boys or girls. Then, in the non-fiction class, comes geography. This marks a totally new trend from previous French generations. Later, there is a split: boys go in for technical books, girls for books on art and religion. At all levels, age and class, adult fictions are read, sometimes starting as early as ten years, by boys and girls alike. Some names come back all the time: Hugo, Dumas, Dostoyevsky.

Since reading seems numerically at its best among children with a liberal-profession background, it is interesting to find out whether this fact has any influence on the writers themselves, that is, whether the heroes portrayed in children's books are of the same milieu



From "Angino" (Viking)

McKay

Books for children
and young people

His Own Good Daughter

A Story of

Sir Thomas More and His Family

By VIRGINIA NEWELL. Illustrations by Vera Bock. Through the eyes of Sir Thomas's eldest and favorite daughter, Meg, we follow his fortunes from 1516 to the time of his execution. Ages 12-16. \$3.25

Trails of His Own

The Story of John Muir and His Fight to Save Our National Parks

By ADRIENNE GROSSMAN and VALERIE BEARDWOOD. Illustrations by Larry Toschik. The story of a man who took to the wilderness because he loved nature untamed, and later helped to save many of our Western wonderlands by writing, lecturing and lobbying. Ages 12-16. \$3.95

Bittersweet Year

By NORMA WOOD JAMES, author of *Dawn at Lexington*. When Kathy's family is forced to move to a small town upstate, she learns that love has many dimensions, including courage, devotion and loyalty. Ages 12-16. \$3.50

Anyone Can Live Off the Land

By JAMES RALPH JOHNSON. Illustrations by Edward Shenton. How to survive in the wilderness by finding foods, keeping warm, and utilizing herbs for first aid — valuable lore for campers or anyone stranded in the wilds. Ages 12 up. \$2.95

Havoc:

The Story of Natural Disasters

By WILLIAM BIXBY, author of *The Race to the South Pole*. Eyewitness descriptions of such disasters as volcanic eruptions, tornadoes and avalanches, with the latest scientific explanations and protective measures. Ages 12 up. \$3.50

The Reb and the Redcoats

By CONSTANCE SAVERY, author of *Magic in My Shoes*. Illustrations by Vera Bock. A young American officer, taken prisoner by the British captivates — and hoodwinks — the charming family of redcoats whose prisoner he is. Ages 10-14. \$3.75

Cecelia's Locket

By RITA SHIELDS, author of *Norah and the Cable Car*. Illustrations by Clotilde Embree Funk. Cecelia earns the gold locket that was once her mother's by learning to get along with her stepmother. Ages 8-12. \$2.95

Firm Hand on the Rein

By JACK STEFFAN. Decorations by Paul Laune. Johnny, small for his age, hates his new ranch home until he masters an unruly horse, and copes with a man-sized emergency with the Appaloosa's help. Ages 10-14. \$2.95

Second Semester

By HELEN MILLER SWIFT, author of *First Semester*. Decorations by Raymond Abel. A psychology assignment and a ten-year-old child bring college roommates to an understanding of themselves and each other. Ages 12-16. \$3.75

Hearts Are the Fields

By ELLEN TURNGREN, author of *Shadows Into Mist*, a Herald Tribune Honor Book. Decorations by Vera Bock. Set in Minnesota's farm country, this is a novel of a domineering father and his children — who turn out to have minds of their own. Ages 14 up. \$3.50

Purple Hills

By LELA and RUFUS WALTRIP, authors of *White Harvest*. Illustrations by Christine Price. This story tells more about Susan's adventures after her family claims a homestead in the new state of New Mexico. Ages 8-12. \$3.25

Boss Ket:

A Life of Charles F. Kettering

By ROSAMOND MCPHERSON YOUNG. Decorations by Allan Thomas. A biography of the Ohio farm boy whose numerous inventions brought him fame, honor and riches. Ages 14 up. \$3.50

The Pageant of Japanese History

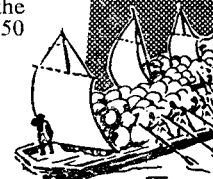
By MARION MAY DILTS. Illustrated with photogravures of Japanese art; maps, and drawings by Toyojiro Onishi. A new edition, completely revised, of a classic particularly welcome at this time when the Orient is becoming more and more important to the West. Ages 14 up. \$6.50

The Dragon Tree

A Life of Alexander, Baron von Humboldt

By VAL GENDRON. With 8 pages of halftones from von Humboldt's published works. An illuminating biography of the great 19th-century German savant and explorer. Ages 14 up. \$3.95

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as that of their readers. First, the B.I.C.E. took up children's periodicals and made a study of the professions mentioned. Discounting Indians, pioneers, explorers, sheriffs and household help the surveys show the number of times a profession was found mentioned in fifteen French language periodicals.

First in order of mentions, amusingly, was the "profession" of king, queen, prince and the like, which occurred 340 times. There was a sharp drop, to 181, to the next profession, that of soldier; then came scholar or professor, 114; priest, 64; sailor, 62; doctor, 39; and finally policeman, 23. Sport professionals were not listed because they were mentioned in connection with record performances and not as a profession. The list shows a total blank in agricultural and industrial professions!

Fortunately, a smaller book survey bearing on the last ten years shows more hopeful signs. Many professions have entered the child book reader's field which previously were considered not "noble" and therefore unfit for a child's book. In French children's stories we now meet longshoremen, truckmen, bicycle racers, peasants, railroad men and workers in undeveloped countries. Curiously, the writers and painters have given way to sculptors and musicians. And, as to be expected, the scholars have turned into scientific researchers and the soldiers, thank God, have become engineers and geologists.

What is the approach to work in these books? The accent is placed on the fact that work, of any kind, is a giver of joy. Why? Because through work "man binds himself to himself and to others." The joy comes from the feeling first of responsibility for one's own share in the work, then of satisfaction in the completion with others of a difficult task.

Furthermore, the beauty of the world of artifacts has been enhanced. Man's dominion over nature does not necessarily bring ugliness and disfiguration; on the contrary, aesthetic values are shown to have their place in our world of technology.

The ethical side is not forgotten, either. Stories point to two possible dangers. That of the resistance to technical change and that of complete submission to it. The former is of course easy to picture in a story. It is much more difficult to make the latter convincing to present-day youngsters. Such stories disclose that work is not to be an end in itself no matter how good it is, that technology turned idol harms man, that to become slave of one's own inventions, no matter how

wonderful, is to regress into a less than human state.

Finally, social tensions which accompany the workers' world are not ignored in French children's books: there are strikes, revolts, some heroes fight either the shortsightedness of owners who think only of their profits or the irresponsibility of ignorant workers who do not understand the complexity of economic problems.

All in all, these surveys reveal a marked trend away from the long-trodden *bourgeois* tradition in children's books and a vigorous effort to meet youngsters' needs in today's changing world. The fact that the surveys took place at all shows a concern for children of all social classes.

IT WOULD be interesting to be able to compare these French surveys with similar American ones. Lacking these, but having been a reviewer of American children's books for ten years, may I venture to present the following points regarding the professions and work in our children's books. It seems to me that the range of professions is wider in American children's books, especially concerning what might be called "underprivileged professions," such as migrant workers, farmers of the Tennessee mountains, Maine fishermen. It may be that the absence of a rigid class pattern in American history favored a wider pattern at the start. On the other hand, however, I have run across fewer stories with heroes such as artists, musicians, scholars (outside scientific ones), priests or ministers.

As far as attitude toward work is concerned, it seems to me that work is too often considered in relation to its material reward or only as the fulfilment of one's own private ambition. However, in sports books (unfortunately, so few reach a fair level of writing) the accent is often put on sharing in a team effort.

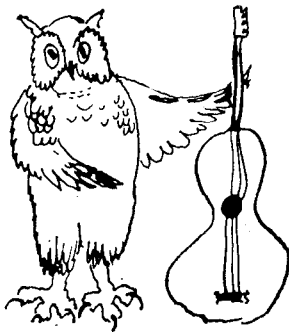
Many books deal with the danger of resisting change and technical progress. In these stories it is of course the young son or daughter who persuades the parents of the worth of the modern world. On the other hand, seldom do we find books which, without belittling present-day achievement, would point to the danger of losing one's own humanity through subservience to technical and scientific achievements. No doubt the integration of moral values in the atomic civilization is a difficult problem in itself, let alone to be presented to children. Of course it is not a matter of rejecting our world but of sacralizing it, in making man's achievement not an end in itself but a way for deepening the sense of the primacy of a spiritual life.

To introduce youngsters to a new level of consciousness—where man can sing the glory of his own mind while he still remains attentive to his heart—this is the enormous and yet delicate task for writers of children's books on both sides of the ocean.

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Under the Spreading Christmas Tree may le Hibou sing for you, too!

...comme tu es rare, es rare...*

and may you find *beaucoup de books*.

For example:

THAT "free spirit," HUBERT, the Traveling Hippopotamus, by Edmund Lindop and Jane Carlson; ★ARTHUR, the Dolphin Who Didn't See Venice, according to John Malcolm Brinnin and André François; CUSTARD the Dragon and the Wicked Knight, by Ogden Nash with Linell; the story of the mischievous bear ★STICK-A-NOSE-IN, by a new author-artist, Istar Haupt; ★ONE SNAIL AND ME, in which Emilie McLeod and Walter Lorraine happily show you how to begin arithmetic with a whole bathtub full of animals. And ★KICKAPOO, the story of a fast-stepping mule for seven-to-eleven year old readers by Miska Miles and Wesley Dennis. What a menagerie!

THE seven-to-elevens will surely find Virginia Haviland's happy Christmas present to them — Favorite Fairy Tales TOLD IN NORWAY, TOLD IN RUSSIA, TOLD IN IRELAND — "so enticing in every way" — (MWB in *The Horn Book*).

HOW many Matt Christopher fans do you know? His new one is TALL MAN IN THE PIVOT (basketball). The new story by Eleanor Cameron, of Mushroom Planet fame, is especially for Christmas, ★THE MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS SHELL. Would-be math sharks from ten up "can have a wonderful time with" NUMBERS PLEASE by F. Emerson Andrews, "and your friends will think you are a wizard" (*Child Life*). For "a splendid yarn, spun out in prose that sings," the *New York Times* recommends Jonreed Lauritzen's THE LEGEND OF BILLY BLUESAGE.

OLDER boys and girls will learn all about the new science of bio-astronautics in Robert Wells' ALIVE IN SPACE, and in DEEP SEA, HIGH MOUNTAIN Elliott Roberts tells them about the U. S. Coast and Geodetic survey. WILDERNESS RIVER by Lew Dietz is a mystery "boys will be unable to put down" (*Book Buyer's Guide*). Russell Davis dedicates to his sons MARINE AT WAR, his story of what it was like to be on active duty in the Pacific during World War II. PIRATE QUEEN, Edith Patterson Meyer's story of a valiant woman of early Irish history, is "absorbing reading for anyone over ten" (RHV in *The Horn Book*), "projects both the chieftain's warriorlike qualities and her womanliness" (*The Critic*).

BUT maybe you're looking for "the sum total of a three-year old's experience"? Find it in ★KEEP IT LIKE A SECRET, by Sandol Warburg and Ivan Chermayeff — "a book to remind the child of his own importance in life . . ." (V. Kirkus)

**Special Note:* We are told of a two-and-a-half year old who, after being thrice sung to about the owl and the pussycat while gazing at Barbara Cooney's illustrations for Francis Steegmuller's LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE, departed for the Boston museum of natural history armed with *beaucoup de sous* to buy the museum's pet owl a guitar. The age range of this book's irresistible appeal is thus extended to about 92½ years.

Happy Book Christmas!

HUBERT, THE TRAVELING HIPPOPOTAMUS \$2.95 • ★ARTHUR, THE DOLPHIN WHO DIDN'T SEE VENICE \$2.95 • CUSTARD THE DRAGON AND THE WICKED KNIGHT \$2.75 • ★THE STORY OF STICK-A-NOSE-IN \$2.95 • ★ONE SNAIL AND ME \$2.95 • ★KICKAPOO \$2.75 • Favorite Fairy Tales: TOLD IN RUSSIA, TOLD IN IRELAND \$2.95 each • TALL MAN IN THE PIVOT \$2.95 • ★THE MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS SHELL \$3.25 • NUMBERS PLEASE \$3.00 • ALIVE IN SPACE \$3.75 • DEEP SEA, HIGH MOUNTAIN \$3.75 • WILDERNESS RIVER \$3.25 • MARINE AT WAR \$3.50 • PIRATE QUEEN \$3.50 • ★KEEP IT LIKE A SECRET \$3.00 • LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE \$2.95

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LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY, Boston

A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

RELIGION AND CHRISTMAS

Angeline and The Barefoot Saint. Written and ill. by Valenti Angelo. Viking. \$2.75.

The statue of St. Francis is the hero of this tender tale of a poor and imaginative boy in Italy. Beautifully told and illustrated. A perfect Christmas gift. 7-11.

The Noble Doll. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Ill. by Leo Politi. Viking. \$3.

The loving heart of a little girl who trusted St. Francis brings unexpected help to a poor genteel lady. A book of high literary quality in its simplicity. Mr. Politi has caught superbly the gay, colorful spirit of a Mexican Christmas. An ideal gift for little girls 7 to 11.

Mince Pie and Mistletoe. By Phyllis McGinley. Ill. by Harold Berson. Lippincott. \$2.95.

Brought by people of different origins, the Christmas customs in the U.S. are sung by a gifted and well-loved poet, with a lilt, humor and tenderness. The soft blue and terra cotta pictures are unusually fine. A distinguished, enchanting book for all Christmases to come. 6-10.

Christmas Is a Time For Giving. By John Walsh Anglund. Harcourt. \$1.75.

The author of the popular *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling* gives us in the same vein another little book which well conveys the Christmas message in its spiritual simplicity. All ages.

The Christmas Donkey. By Wilma Swedburg. Ill. by Robert Knutson. Augsburg Pub. House. \$1.

His mother had always told him he was going to be very special donkey. A lovely, unpretentious Christmas tale which manages to combine imagination and faithfulness to the Gospel text. Little children will love it. 4-8.

On Christmas Eve. By Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Beni Montresor. Young Scott. \$3.50.

The children could not wait and they went downstairs in the middle of the Christmas night . . . and then they felt its ineffable beauty and peace. All little readers will feel it also through the simple sentences charged with feeling and the evocative pictures in *pointillé*. 4-8.

The Way We Worship. The religious meaning of the objects used in the Church, in the Mass and in the Administration of the Sacraments. By Milton Lomask and Ray Neville. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$2.95.

Accompanied by many excellent photos, here are answers to many a current question about church buildings, altars, the sacramentals. Helpful as this simple introduction is, it would have gained in clarity and depth by pointing more often to the Jewish background. Also why are there no identifications of most of the art reproductions? 14 up.



From "Le Hibou et la Poussiquette"
(Little, Brown)

A Christmas Carol. Dicken's Classic ill. by Ronald Searle. World. \$4.95. All ages.

Christmas Trees and How They Grow. By Glenn O. Blough. Ill. by Jeanne Bendick. Whittlesey. \$2.75. All ages.

The First Christmas Tree. By Hertha Pauli. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Washburn. \$2.95. 5-8.

PICTURE STORY BOOKS

Umbrellas, Hats and Wheels. By Ann Rand and Jerome Snyder. Harcourt. \$3.25.

Exuberantly colored and full of humor, this book in pictures and rhymes demonstrates brilliantly that no two things are alike. A joy to the eye of anyone. A lovely gift.

Mister Penny's Circus. Written and ill. by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. \$2.50.

Once more, lovable Mr. Penny. This time he manages a circus where

animals perform for fun and are not kept in cages. The author-artist has outdone herself. A book any small child will clasp to his heart. 4-7.

A Penny and a Periwinkle. By Josephine Haskell Aldridge. Ill. by Ruth Robbins. Parnassus. \$2.95.

With nothing to his name but a Penny and a Periwinkle, a New England fisherman lives better than a millionaire. A few rhythmical lines to a page illustrated with beautiful sparseness and delicacy. A serene and distinguished book for all time and all ages.

Phillip, the Flower-Eating Phoenix. By John Todaro and Barbara Ellen. Abelard. \$2.75.

Who would want a colorless immortality? The Phoenix did not and nobody will who can delight in this brilliantly colored, unusual, story. Will help to make children conscious of the joy of the color around us. 6-10.

Happy New Year. Written and ill. by Yen Liang. Lippincott. \$2.95.

The Chinese New Year celebration as experienced by two Chinese children. Very gay, exciting pictures which will delight children over and over again.

The Happy Hunter. Written and ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. \$2.75.

Children who love animals will be immensely relieved each time the hunter finds a good reason for not shooting. The pictures of the well-known author-artist are a treat. 4-8.

Once a Mouse. By Marcia Brown. Scribners. \$2.95.

A legend from India beautifully retold and stunningly illustrated in colored woodcuts by an artist who constantly renews herself. All ages.

Mommies at Work. By Eve Merriam. Ill. by Beni Montresor. Knopf. \$3.

Straight through the gay, full-colored pages these very up-to-date mothers work at all sorts of jobs. But at the end what they truly like to do best will please children immensely. Unusual pictures and text. 4-8.

One Snail and Me. A book of numbers and animals and a bathtub. Little, Brown. \$2.95.

Very funny pictures and text, with

the repetitions little children enjoy so much. 4-8.

Katey. Written and ill. by Madeleine Milner Jefferies. Hastings. \$2.95.

A little girl of long ago in Texas. Refreshing and winning text and pictures. A newcomer in the field who deserves watching. 5-9 G.

The Fox Went out on a Chilly Night. An old song ill. by Peter Spier. Doubleday. \$2.95.

The song, with the tune at the end, is excitingly dramatized through full-page colored illustrations: a lovely journey through New England country. 4-10.

Old Mrs. Billups and the Black Cats. By Ruth Carroll. Walck. \$3.25.

A hilarious tale of an eccentric lady who went to no end of pains to avoid having a black cat cross her path. The pictures will make children chuckle. 5-10.

Let's Imagine Thinking up Things. By Janet Wolff and Bernard Owett Dutton. \$2.95.

What is square, what is round, etc. A good way to sharpen the imagination and the power of observation as well as to get rid of rainy-day boredom. 6-10.

What do you do dear? Proper conduct for all occasions. By Sesyle Joslin and Maurice Sendak. Young Scott. \$2.75. Irresistibly funny and convincing. 5-8.

The Happy Lion Quest. By Louise Fabio. Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey. \$2.50.

The popular Happy Lion is at it again and Mr. Duvoisin himself is at his peak; a stunning combination for all 5 to 10's enjoyment.

Mimi. By Lisl Weil. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

She wanted to be a policeman, a French one, and in Marseilles. An exuberant, amusing book. 5-9 G.

Madeleine in London. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. \$3.50.

This is Venice. By M. Sasek. Macmillan. \$3.

FAIRY, FOLKTALES AND LEGENDS

St. Jerome and the Lion. By Rumer Godden. Ill. by Jean Primrose. Viking. \$3.

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS



MADELINE IN LONDON

Story and Pictures

by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

When the Spanish Ambassador is transferred to London, Miss Clavel and her twelve little girls fly to bring joy (and a horse!) to lonely Pepito on his birthday. Ages 5 to 8 \$3.50

THE NOBLE DOLL

by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Illustrated by Leo Politi

The beautiful doll, Rosita, one of impoverished Doña Amalia's few remaining possessions, and a young girl's faith, solve their problems at Christmas. Ages 7 to 11 \$3.00

ANGELINO

AND THE BAREFOOT SAINT

Story and Pictures

by VALENTI ANGELO

In finding a way to restore his favorite saint's smile, Angelino brings about a small miracle to his village at Christmastide. Delightful line drawings. Ages 7 to 11 \$2.75

THE GAUCHO BOY

by GEORGE OBLIGADO

Illustrated by Lilian Obligado

Nacho, a young Argentinian, and his grandfather, a gaucho, are saved from desperation by Nacho's unusual animal friend. Vivid and authentic background of the pampas. Ages 8 to 12 \$2.50



MISS HAPPINESS AND MISS FLOWER

by RUMER GODDEN

Illustrated by Jean Primrose

In making a home for two tiny Japanese dolls in England, Nona finds a happy place for herself. Plans for a real Japanese doll house are included. Ages 8 to 10 \$3.00

A PRESENT FROM PETROS

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

Illustrated by Dimitris Davis

When Petros, a young Greek boy, becomes the sole support of his family, a young American tourist helps so much he gives her a "unique and most beautiful" gift. Ages 8 to 12 \$2.50

A BRAND-NEW UNCLE

Written and Illustrated

by KATE SEREDY

Tired of children, Mr. Smith retired and decided to hunt butterflies—as he had always wanted to do. What the net netted was a strange and wonderful surprise! Ages 9 to 12 \$3.00

YOUNG DEPUTY SMITH

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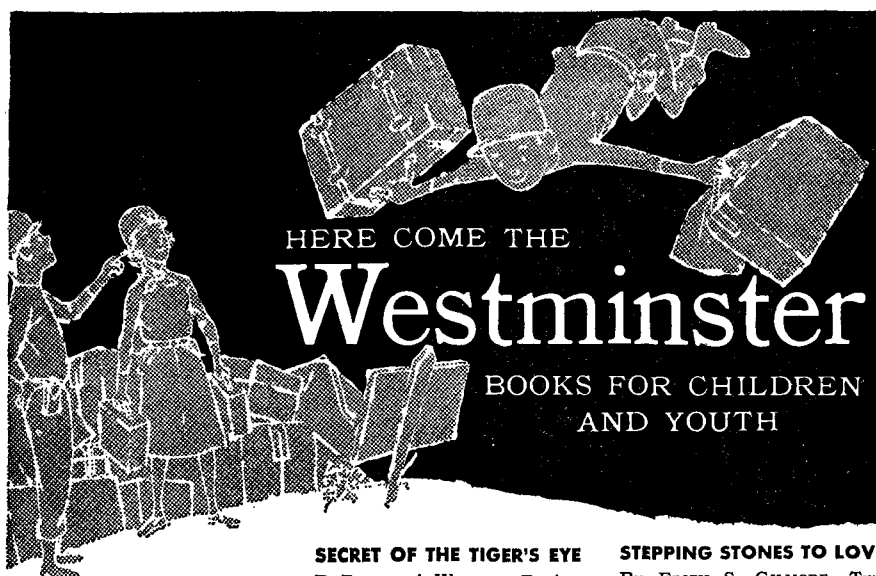
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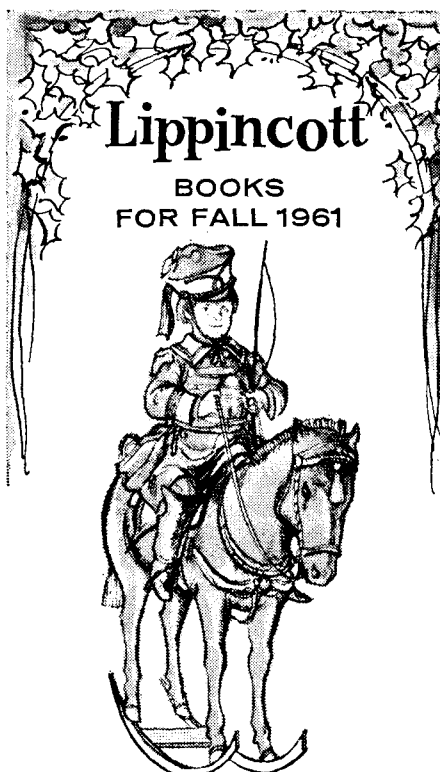
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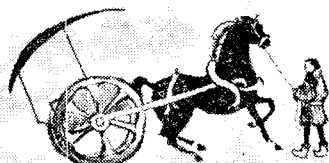
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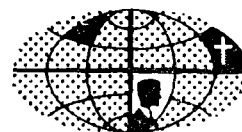
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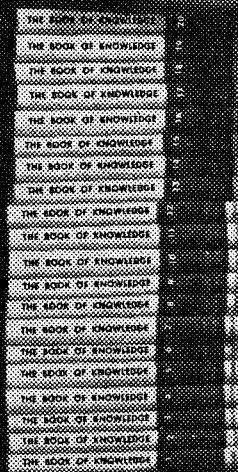
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